

GOOD SHORT STORIES.

The Detroit Free Press provides the following:

"Very amusing are the struggles our German friends have with the English vocabulary," remarked a gentleman I met on the smokers' platform.

"We had a religious revival in our neighborhood, and Annie, our German housemaid, decided to become a church member. It was a sect of a liberal creed, some of whose members favored baptism by immersion, some by sprinkling.

"We did not know which Annie preferred, although the question was a nice one with my wife, she did not think best to urge or advise in the matter. The ceremony was performed one evening, and the morning thereafter Annie presented herself with smiling face.

"Well, Annie," said my wife, "you were baptised, were you?"

"Ya—yes," said Annie, "a leetle."

"We subsequently learned that her 'leetel' baptism was a sprinkling.

"We never learned why she chose the 'leetle' instead of the 'big'."

The Baltimore American is responsible for this:

"Poker," growled the eminent financier, "is the most contemptible game ever invented."

Here we gathered around him, hoping to hear some pearls of wisdom, for well we know that the truly great are prone to guide us in the proper path by pointing out the pitfalls which beset our untrained feet.

"It's an atrocious game!" he continued. "I sat at the table for three hours and never held better than a pair of fives, and a common, low-browed person across from me, who hasn't got a million dollars to his name, held straights, flushes, fulls and the whole gamut of possible hands. It's a vile game! Besides, I lost a good deal."

The New York Times says that Justice Giegerich of the supreme court, who has a fine summer home on Staten Island, is fond of sailing, and a few days ago he invited a friend of his, a lawyer, to go down the bay with him. At the start, the wind was quite brisk, but soon freshened into a gale, and caused the little craft they were in to toss and roll in a manner that soon caused the lawyer's features to twist into expressive contortions.

Justice Giegerich, noticing his friend's plight, laid a soothing hand on the latter's shoulder and said:

"My dear fellow, can I do anything for you?"

"Yes, your honor," replied the lawyer in plaintive tones, "you will greatly oblige me by overruling this motion."

The Philadelphia Times says: A conductor on one of the Reading "locals" was handed a ticket for Wayne Junction by a lady who boarded his train the other day in the company of a bright looking little girl. He looked at the child, and then asked for another ticket.

"I've never had to pay for her before," was the mother's reply.

"How old is she?" asked the conductor.

"Five years."

"Why, mamma, I'm six!" protested the child.

"She's—she's nearly six," hurriedly explained the mother. "That is, she's just going on six."

The conductor looked at the mother for a second, and then, as he turned away, said:

"Well, madam, if I were you, I'd buy a ticket for her on the return trip. She's likely to be all of six by then."

The Kansas City Journal says: A story is going the rounds of the

legations and embassies concerning a conversation Herr Von Holleben, dean of the diplomatic corps, recently had with a society leader of Washington:

"It has often puzzled me," the lady said, "to understand just how the German men manage to maintain such superb dominion over their wives without destroying the latter's sense of freedom or minimizing their happiness and content."

"It is very simple, indeed," replied the ambassador; "merely a question of conjugal diplomacy."

"But supposing the wife ventures to set up her judgment against that of her liege lord?"

"In that case," said the diplomatist, "the German husband meets the issue by saying to his wife something like this:

"My dear, you know that my judgment is above criticism, for I had the inspired wisdom to select you from among the many; but you, on the other hand, cannot place absolute reliance upon your judgment if, after accepting me, you find yourself wavering as to your confidence in my ability to direct our ways."

"You will readily see," added Herr Von Holleben, "that a wife, in wisdom, cannot protest against such a diplomatic assertion of domestic leadership."

Kansas City Journal: One evening at dinner Ida was asked if she would have some squash. She answered, "No."

"No what?" asked the father.

"No squash," answered Ida.

The New York Tribune relates that a friend recently put this question to District Attorney Jerome, whose father, Lawrence Jerome, was a celebrated wit of his day, and who was generally spoken of among familiars as "Larry":

"How many of these stories that are attributed to your father really emanate from him, and how many are fictitious?"

"Well," replied the district attorney, "I am not prepared to say; some of them are undoubtedly manufactured, but of the origin of one I am convinced, as I was one of the principal actors. On a certain occasion a good many years ago, when I was a little chap, I was riding on my father's knee in a Fifth avenue stage, every other seat being taken. At a corner a lady entered, and my father said to me in severe tones:

"Why, Travers, my boy, I am ashamed of you! Why don't you get up and give this lady your seat?"

Chicago Tribune: "Papa," said the sweet girl graduate, "wasn't my commencement gown a whooperino? I had the other girls skinned alive!"

"And this is the girl," said papa, sadly, "whose graduating essay was 'An Appeal for Higher Standards of Thought and Expression!'"

Chicago Post: "He's always asking for a loan, and he never pays up. He makes me think of an English soldier."

Chicago Post: "Do you believe in coeducation?" "That depends upon the nature of the education sought. In science, for instance, I think coeducation a drawback, but in love it is a real necessity."

Chicago News: Willie—"Pap, what is the difference between firmness and obstinacy?" Father—"Merely a matter of sex, my son."

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